

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Thou cam'st into the world

*Glo.* Die prophet in thy speech, ile heare no more,  
For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.

*Hen.* I, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee.

*Glo.* What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted.  
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

Now may such purple teares alwayes be shed,

For such as seeke the downfall of our house.

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither:

I, that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare.

Indeede twas true that Henry told me of,

For I haue often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legges forward.

And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,

And seeke their ruines that vsurp'd our rights?

The women weeping, and the Midwife crying,

O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth:

And so I was indeede. Which plainly signified,

That I should snarle and bite, and play the Dogge.

Then, since heauen hath made my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my minde to answer it.

I had no Father, I am like no Father;

I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers;

And this word *Lone*, which gray-beards terme *Diuine*,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me, I am my selfe alone.

*Clarence* beware, thou keptst me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,

Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill,

As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,

And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.

King *Henry*, and the Prince his sonne are gone,

And *Clarence* thou art next must follow them,

So by one and one dispatching all the rest,

Cour-

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.

Ile drag thy body in another roome,

And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

*Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others.*

*Edw.* Once more we sit in Englands throne,  
Repurchast with the blood of enemies,

What valiant foemen like to *Antumnes* corne,

Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?

Three Dukes of Somerset, three-fold renownd

For hardy and vndoubted Champions.

Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,

And two Northumberland, two brauer men

Nere spurd their Coursers at the trumpets sound.

With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* and *Mortagne*,

That in their chaines fettered the Kingly Lion,

And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,

Thus haue we swept suspicion from our seat,

And made our footstoolle of security.

Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my boy,

Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles and my selfe,

Haue in our armours watcht the winters night,

Marcht all afoot, in summers scalding heate,

That thou mightst repofesse the crowne in peace,

And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

*Glo.* Ile blast his haruest, if your head were laid,

For yet I am not lookt on in the world.

This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,

And heaue it shall some weight, or breake my backe,

Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

*Edw.* Brothers of *Clarence* and of *Gloster*,

Pray loue my louely Queene,

And kisse your Princely Nephew, both.

*Cl.* The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,

I scale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweete Babe.

Queene.